

# The Patrician



The  
Monthly Magazine of  
32 O. T. U.  
Royal Air Force

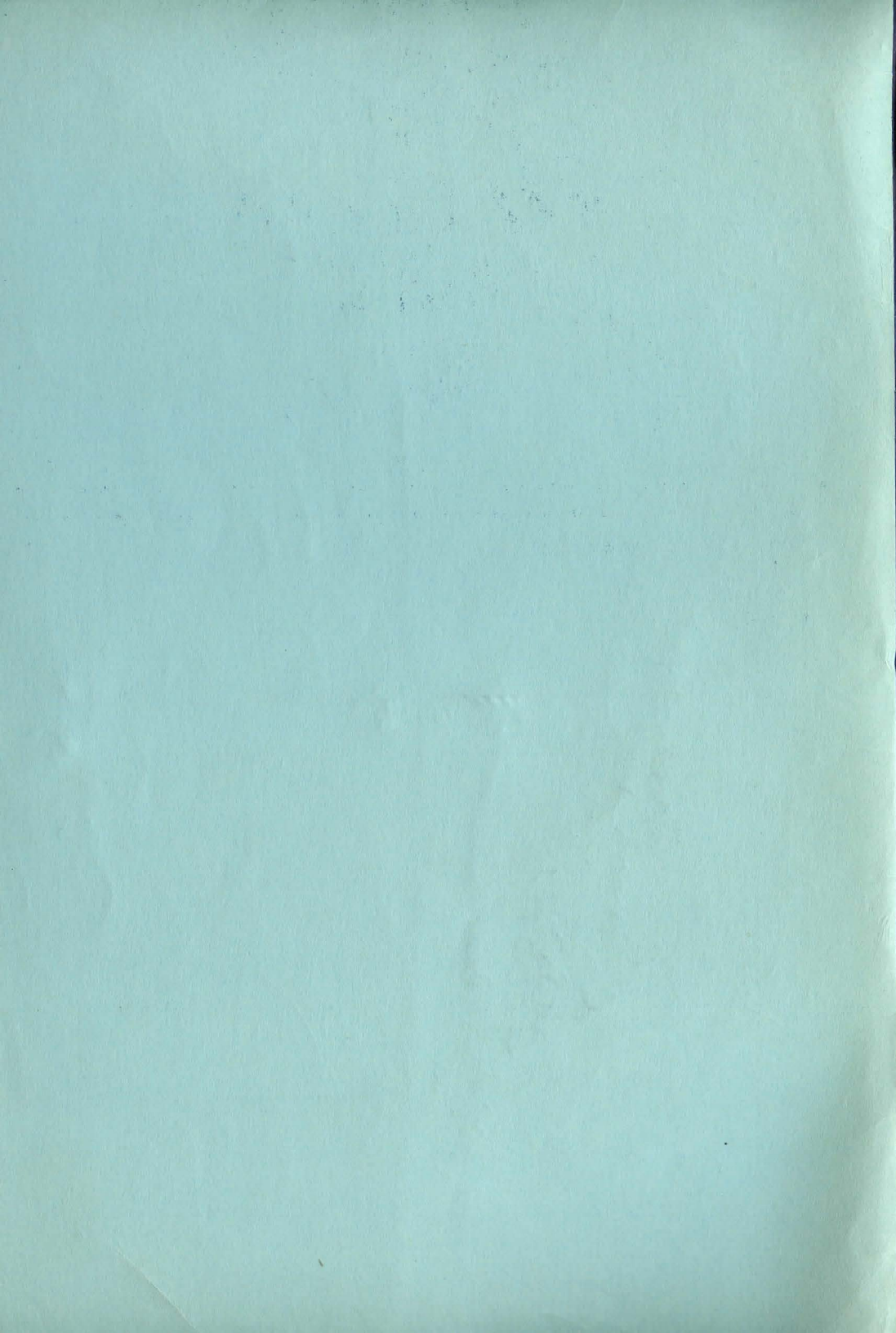
Vol. 1

OCTOBER - 1941

No. 1



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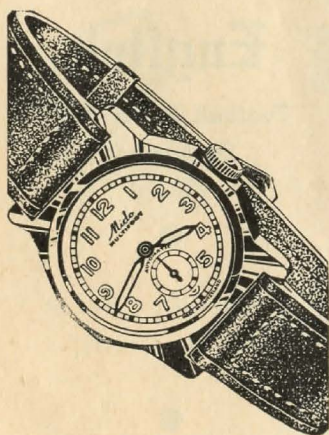
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# THE PATRICIAN

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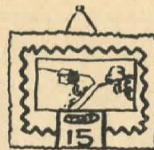
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# THE EDITOR SPEAKS

Vol. 1, No. 1.

OCTOBER, 1941

10 Cents

In presenting this first issue of the PATRICIAN it is with the knowledge that it has only been made possible by the excellent response to our appeal for contributions. In order that it may grow and prosper we shall count more than ever on your generous support for our future editions.

Let us not forget a vote of thanks to the many firms who have advertised in this first issue and thus enabled us in no small measure to bear the financial cost of the printing. It is to be hoped that readers will in their turn patronise those who have supported us.

Contributions may be on any subject provided they are original and of general interest. Our object is to present a monthly magazine representative of the station, so send us your news from home, jokes, sketches, poetry and experiences.

The title was, we considered, the best of those submitted, and further suggestions will be welcomed, and any constructive suggestion or criticism will be of great help.

The success or otherwise rests in your hands. Let us make it a success.

THE EDITORS.

## WELCOME TO OUR C.O.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we welcome our Commanding Officer, Group Captain P. D. Robertson, A.M., to this new unit.

We are indeed fortunate to have as our Commanding Officer someone who has been in Canada with the R.A.F. for nearly twelve months, and this will prove a great asset to our unit. (Con't. on Page 18)



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## *Letter From The Commanding Officer*

GROUP CAPTAIN P. D. ROBERTSON, A.M.

---

I think that no unit of the Royal Air Force was ever formed under more difficult conditions. In many respects this is a good thing, for the R.A.F. is always at its best in the face of adversity.

The publication of an excellent unit magazine such as this is a case in point, and all those whose efforts have contributed to its production and publication are to be congratulated on their work. Its continued success will of course be entirely dependent on the support we give it and in this respect I hope all ranks will contribute articles, etc., for consideration by the committee.

This Unit is very much in the embryo stage at present, but there are already indications of the excellent work and play that it will be capable of when it really gets going.

For some it may be difficult to realize how important the work of training really is, but this is best explained by a recent message sent to the R.A.F. units in Canada by Sir Archibald Sinclair, H.M. Secretary of State for Air. It was this:—

"The steadily increasing successes of the Royal Air Force are very largely due to the hard and loyal work of the training units in the Dominions. Their standard of training has already reached a degree of excellence which could never have been obtained in the United Kingdom under the conditions which now exist there. Our operations against the enemy depend largely upon you."



## COMING ACROSS

It seems to me quite a long time ago that we were gathered together in the canteen of a certain P.D.C. centre, all standing about like heavily laden pack horses, trying to keep awake with community singing under the direction of an extremely enthusiastic sergeant.

Certain energetic cooks were endeavouring to stimulate us with the aid of pails full of steaming cocoa. Incidentally this is about the only occasion I can remember when R.A.F. cooks have achieved some small measure of popularity.

Much land and water has rolled beneath our feet since that night—perhaps I should say only the sea rolled, from what I can remember of the stopping and starting of a certain train, it would be more true to say that the land went by in a series of jerks! However, to me there are certain instances that will be always clear cut, even if the journey as a whole becomes dim with the passage of time.

Waiting outside the station at W. K. is one of these. We had been standing there some time, our packs had grown heavy, it wasn't too warm, we could see the train waiting in the station, the carriages looked cosy and inviting. We pictured ourselves releasing our webbing and sinking back into luxurious Pullman upholstery. Yet the engine drivers somehow didn't seem satisfied.

There were two engines, one would come puffing up to the back of the train, give a little whistle, and push it up a few yards. Meanwhile the other engine at the front of the train would give a little hiss, and try a saucy shove backwards. As if in protest the engine at the rear would come up to the front and endeavour to pull everything forward again, and so the horrible game went on.

At last the shunting ceased, all was still, we held our breaths. Suddenly the air was torn with a voice from our ranks, raucous, with a strong cockney accent, and directed at one of the drivers: "Come, on, mate, it's your move," it yelled.

Another incident that anyway amused me, occurred while we were crowding aboard the tender that was to take us to the troopship. An extremely youthful looking airman turned to his mate with a most disgusted expression, saying: "Fancy sending us all the way across the Atlantic in a small boat like this!"

Looking across the water in the early morning (we had moved off the night before) and seeing a tiny speck of land on the horizon, the last glimpse of "The Old Country," I somehow felt like a parent leaving a young child with a neighbour, knowing that capable hands had care and in spite of certain misgivings assumed that all would be well. If I look hard enough across the barrack blocks I can still see that tiny dot on the horizon. But enough of sentimentality. I



shall never, never forget the first night of slinging hammocks. In the first place I'd been up on top deck, and had become hopelessly lost when descending below again. There seemed to be millions of airmen, slinging millions of hammocks, on thousands of decks. After wandering for at least an hour I discovered I'd walked through my mess at least seven times, but it had been so heavily camouflaged with hammocks that I'd failed to recognize it. At last I found two suitable hooks and after a terrific struggle my bed, too, was slung. It wasn't perhaps the best position in the mess, but I really must admit that the dustbin underneath came in very handy, it was so easy to step on to the dustbin, and from there into the hammock.

How on earth chaps managed to climb in without anything to step up on completely beats me. I did try it once and was amazed at the speed with which the hammock turned over, depositing me very smoothly on the deck.

The first breakfast on board will always remain rather a grim memory. How we waited and waited for the bread to arrive, only to find that owing to some slight misunderstanding the blokes on the next table had eaten ours as well as their own. However, the messing officer was rather an understanding person and a further issue was arranged.

The porridge, on the other hand, had come sooner than was expected. It was unfortunate that an airman jumping out of his bunk in a lively manner landed right in it! And so the memories crowd in—The sun breaking through the mist and exposing our escorting destroyers ploughing through the heavy seas. A glimpse of the Newfoundland coast through the fog. The dawn breaking across the water at 5 a.m. (I was on guard, which accounts for the early hour.) The thrill of seeing street lamps alight again on the night we docked.

But perhaps the most amazing scene of all was the sight of airmen throwing money away (if you remember, pennies were thrown on the quayside when we reached port). If it wasn't for the fact that I'd seen it with my own eyes I'd never have believed it!

How friendly the motor horns hooting sounded as we passed through the New Brunswick railway station—what a contrast to the familiar yet always eerie sound of air-raid sirens, and how delightful that first hot-dog tasted.

And as if to remind us of the purpose of our journey, was the sight of the V sign flashing away on Victoria pier, and in reminding us, as it sent out a message from this jetty, seven thousand miles from home, even as chalked up in the streets of central Europe, it was a message of encouragement for those less fortunate than us. I thought of the day when the V sign will stand for something accomplished, and there will be rejoicing in at least one home I know of, as someone's slippers are again laid in front of the fireplace in the evening.—F. R.

## OVERSEAS

---

To cross the sea I thought would be fun,  
To some fair isle with tropical sun.  
Can you imagine my sore dismay  
When they dumped me at Patricia Bay?  
Where in place of sunshine, we have rain,  
There's nothing but mud, and mud again.

In future when sending troops out West,  
The issue of gum boots would be best.  
We've no use for topees; khaki drill,  
In spots where it always rains with will.  
An airman doesn't like to complain,  
But gee! I wish it wouldn't rain.

Only an airman! Yes that is all.  
A guy who answered his country's call.  
To win "these" wings, was my full intent,  
But alas! such hopes were badly bent,  
When Sergeant-Major said with a nod,  
I think you'll do for sanitary squad.

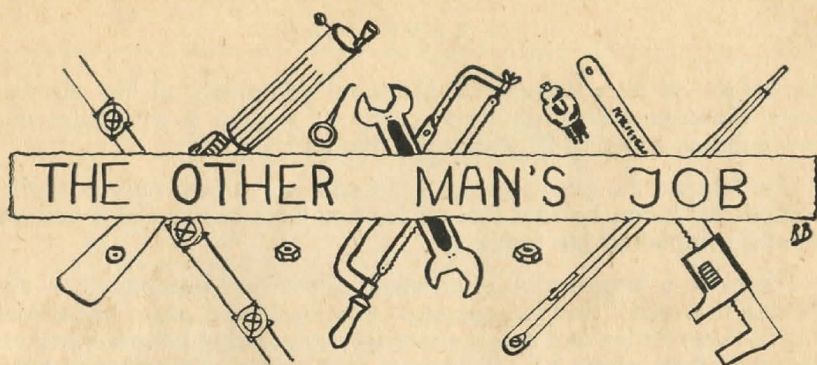
But on this camp, built of wood and things,  
One could never hope to win his wings.  
Stuck far from the gleam of city lights,  
It's very seldom we see the sights.  
Oh boy! how we miss those "aitchie beers"  
And the good old English "cup" that cheers.

Still we'll carry on and try to smile,  
If it's for Britain it's well worth while.  
We won't mind the mud, or heed the clay.  
The turn of the tide must come some day.  
When through the rain clouds will come the sun,  
'Tis then perhaps we will have some fun.

From the straight and narrow, should we stray,  
Please don't lay it on too hard we pray.  
Sergeant-Major we didn't mean a thing,  
Occasionally we must have our fling.  
So from heavy punishment please decline,  
To err is human; to forgive, Divine.

—G. P.





### No. 1—THE WIRELESS OPERATOR

Communications are the life line of the R.A.F. If lines of communication should fail organized co-operation between headquarters, groups, squadrons, aircraft, etc., would be practically non-existent. These lines of communication are more essential than ever before, owing to the conditions of warfare which exist at the present time. To quote a point to illustrate this a fighter pilot depends on radio-telephony for all his orders and position of enemy aircraft which he is to intercept and quite possibly to guide him home again. He is instructed by radio-telephone when to take off and when air borne he receives various courses, heights and patrol lines on which to fly from the sector controller as the latter receives information as to the movements of the enemy aircraft. It can be seen from this that should this line of communication fail the pilot would be flying without any information as to enemy aircraft movements after he had taken off and interception may be practically impossible. Also by means of certain wireless equipment fitted in the aircraft the sector controller knows the position of any flight of aircraft at any time during their flight, this system being entirely automatic and requires no attention by the pilot other than switching on at the commencement of the flight. Pilots who lose themselves during an engagement or from any other reason may be calling a direction finding station, receive their position and if required a course which will bring them back to their aerodrome and even land them in cases of fog or bad visibility without the pilot seeing the ground.

A wireless operator's course consists of a period of initial training at a recruit's centre, where he receives instruction in the morse code up to a speed of 12 words per minute, this being followed by a three months' course at one of the wireless schools where he receives theoretical and practical instruction together with further morse training up to a speed of 18 words per minute. This course does not compare very favourably with those given prior to the expansion of the R.A.F., when the course lasted for at least twelve months and the passing out standard required was a practical and theoretical



knowledge of all wireless and electrical equipment in the service, petrol generating sets, ability to carry out repairs to all equipment and a morse speed of 25 words per minute.

On leaving the training school the operator is now only partially trained and it can be said that for his first three months at a unit he is only completing his training.

There is a large range of wireless duties and equipment in the service at present and the operator may be called on to undertake any of these duties and may be possibly required to pound away on detached duty where he will have to rely on his own efforts in case of a breakdown. A selection of the duties a wireless operator may be called upon to perform are: Main station, aircraft operating maintenance, direction finding, radio-telephony, army co-operation, wireless intelligence, motor boats, armoured cars, etc. etc.

—S. M. HUNTER.

---

## THE PADRE'S CHAT

The invitation to send a short letter to the first issue of our magazine is a welcome one, even were it only for the opportunity it affords for expressing delight that a literary venture has so soon been made. It is a good omen. It proves that our mud and labyrinthine pathways have not conquered us, and if we can accomplish such things at this stage, No. 32 is going to be the golden number ere we finish. The sky, of course, is the limit. By the time the roses are blooming outside the S.H.Q., the Recreation Room is lined with all the local cups, and you are marching down the tarmac behind the Station Band, you'll be proud to recall the day you nearly perished on the voyage between the billet and the canteen. Well, it's up to us.

Meanwhile, let us keep the folks at home well posted with cheery letters. Keep on reading the newspapers, even if you do feel remote from events. When you have time have a look at His Majesty's message at the front of the little R.A.F. Testament (the Padre can supply you), and do your best to defeat the idea that the word "voluntary" in reference to the Sunday Service has to do with organ music. We welcome the service of the Y.M.C.A. canteen, cinema and sports sections and are grateful also to the ladies of the Air Auxiliary for their interest in supplying us with a piano, four radio sets and a generous quantity of reading matter, no less for the way in which they are entertaining men in their homes. When we have brought out our hidden talent, we shall, perhaps, be in a position to repay such goodwill by going to town with a really first-rate entertainment party.

Suggestions any may have to offer in connection with religious activities will always be welcome.



## THE JOURNEY

---

It was August in the Rockies  
When our train came steaming through,  
We leaned out of the windows  
All intent upon the view,  
With faces black and smoky  
And eyes all filled with soots.  
As we saw the wondrous beauty  
Of the country round Kamloops.

Our uniforms were varied,  
Oh ! what a motley crew;  
For some were wearing khaki  
While others favoured blue.  
In case this caused confusion  
To people seen en route,  
We'd chalked "R.A.F." in letters plain  
And this dispelled all doubt.

We'd seen a moose go drinking,  
We'd even seen a bear.  
We saw a peach in a swim-suit,  
This caused the greatest stare !  
The snow-capped mountains thrilled us,  
As did the stately pine,  
But we quickly lost all interest  
When it was time to dine.

For although the mountain gorges  
Are indeed a wondrous sight,  
When the airman gorges  
He finds even more delight.  
Tempt him with eggs and bacon,  
Offer him juicy steaks  
And he'll forget the mountains,  
The rivers and the lakes.

Now the journey's done, with Rockies passed  
We've reached our destination,  
And as we ooze through seas of mud  
We sigh in contemplation  
Of a train ride through the mountains  
And bunks that we did lie on.  
Some say they were all made of wood,  
But mine I'm sure was iron !

—F. R.



## *We Salute*

**L.A.C. PHILIP P. CONLIN AND L.A.C. CECIL R. JAMES  
OF THE R.C.A.F.**

The Order of the British Empire has been awarded to two of our neighbours, L.A.C. Philip P. Conlin and L.A.C. Cecil R. James of the R.C.A.F. camp at Patricia Bay. In the words of the official announcement: "On March 18 last the two airmen with a total disregard of their own safety, manoeuvred an 18-foot dinghy amidst the flames surrounding the wreckage of an aircraft which had crashed near the Patricia Bay air station, to rescue Lieut. Bjornebye (of the R.N.N.A.F.), who was floating unconscious in the blaze-swept waters surrounding the wreck. Their heroic action undoubtedly saved the life of the Norwegian officer, whose companion was killed in the crash." Good show, chaps.

---

## **Y.W.C.A. HOSTESS HOUSES**

We would like to take this opportunity to offer a vote of thanks for the splendid work done by the Hostess Houses of the Y.W.C.A. in Sidney and throughout Canada.

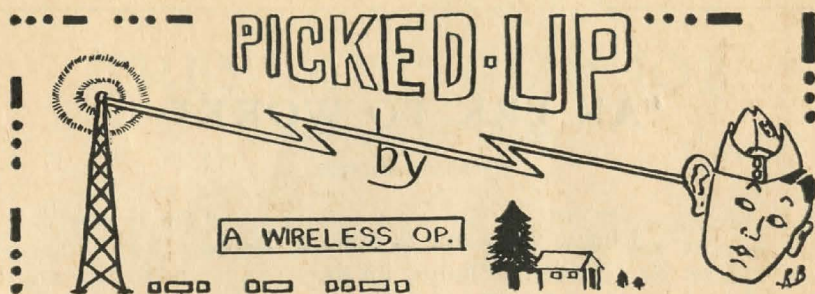
This splendid movement gives its services absolutely free of charge and they ask nothing of the forces in return.

It offers a welcome to all, and a place where you can enjoy the comforts of home. You can play pool, darts, table tennis and cards; dances and social evenings often being arranged. Everything, in fact, is there to spend an enjoyable evening or week-end.

There are facilities available for engaging rooms for yourselves or friends on very reasonable terms. They also provide comfortable lounges where you can arrange to meet your friends or relatives.

This is a brief description of the work done, but if you have not yet been, why not call at the Sidney Hostess House and avail yourself of the amenities at your disposal?





PUKKA GEN—Who were the airmen who caused great amusement to a bus full of Canadians by trying to get in at the wrong side?

\* \* \*

Apparently the notice "Station Magazine" on our office door has caused some nervousness amongst the workmen. We would point out that this is not the ammunition dump.

\* \* \*

Hearing a waiter on board the C.P. steamship announce that dinner was served an airman asked: "Is that Pukka Gen?" The waiter, looking rather nonplussed but not to be thought lacking in R.A.F. slang, smartly answered: "You've had it!"

\* \* \*

DUFF GEN—A certain N.C.O. recently aspired to great heights. I suggest that his descent would have been more orderly had his brolly been used as a parachute.

\* \* \*

Is it true that when the S.W.O. orders a whisky he automatically asks for a double?

\* \* \*

A friend of mine won the Canadian motor-boat racing trophy—the course was that treacherous stretch of water between A block and the cook-house.

\* \* \*

Another airman had a nervous breakdown through trying to work out his rate of pay!

\* \* \*

My stock answer to the usual question is: "I like Canada and I think the people are fine, but the dancing and beer, well . . ."

\* \* \*

Our signature tune: "Whistle and then work."

\* \* \*

I know a Canadian who often remarks: "You'll like it in the summer." Personally I think that given the right environment it's no different in summer or winter.

\* \* \*

The question of engaging street-buskers to entertain the airmen's meal queue is "under consideration."

## "AN ERK TO WORK"

---

I know this camp is quite a "bind,"  
It will be till they finish,  
But if these facts you'll bear in mind  
Your trouble should diminish.

Now when you're told to do some work  
Don't stand around and moan  
But just remember you're an "Erk,"  
The "Raf" you do not own.

For after all the war's still on,  
Although it's far away;  
So if it's you they call upon,  
Just grin and say "O.K."

~~You're here to serve your country~~  
Just how they think it best,  
So try and do it cheerfully,  
Don't leave it to the rest.

There may be trouble brewing,  
On that I will not dwell,  
But if a job's worth doing,  
Be sure and do it well.

—L.V.R.

---

(Continued from Page 9)

Group Captain Robertson first came to Canada with No. 31 A.N.S., and being the second R.A.F. unit to arrive in Canada his task was enormous. However, in spite of blizzards in the winter and dust storms in the summer, and other attendant difficulties that unit, under his careful supervision, grew up from a sea of mud to be one of the outstanding R.A.F. units in Canada.

It now looks as though his herculean labours are to start all over again. However, we know that due to his unbounding energy and mature experience and knowledge, our tasks will be all the easier, and we shall do well the job with which we have been entrusted.



# THEY DID THEIR JOB

A True Story by "Wimpy"

---

It wasn't the kind of morning to be up at 0600 hours, or to be handling cold dew-soaked guns. Rather it was that type of day when one lifted an eye over the top of the bedclothes, turned over, and went back to dream. Back to dream of the days before the war when there was no "stand to." When it didn't really matter if you were slow reassembling a Browning. But times had changed; you had to be on the "dump" five minutes after the orderly called you, with last night's booze-up hanging heavily in sleep-filled eyes.

Out on dispersal the roar of engines with a very cold and hungry fitter cursing the brass hats about his loss of sleep, no grub and a thousand other complaints that only a tired and "browned-off" fitter could think of.

In the map room the crews smoking vainly to keep their eyes open and then with difficulty, wondering what kind of job it was this time. A useless question, that they knew; of course they knew. Hadn't it been the same every morning.

Rumours that the German Grand Fleet had left Kiel and were steaming down the Heligoland Roads. They had been spotted off Cuxhaven. There were so many stories that no one knew what to believe.

The early morning news was just about to start when the C.O. arrived and silence fell on the forty odd men in the room.

"Breaker" Lloyd looked slowly round the room and then in the slow, clear drawl so well known to many who will no longer hear his voice, announced:

"You, all of you, pilots, navigators, wireless operators and gunners have a sticky job to do this time."

They bunched closer, no longer sleepy-eyed but keen and alert in anticipation of a coming job.

"It means a long, tough time, but you can do it; you've proved that. Some of you may not come back, but with God's help you can do the job and go down fighting.

"Now for the target. You all have an idea and you're right. The German fleet is in the Roads off Heligoland. Your job is to sink them or as many as possible and return to base. Take off will be 0845 hours dead, you will rendezvous with three other squadrons, making 24 aircraft in all, over Yarmouth, and a Blenheim fighter escort will pick you up 40 miles off Yarmouth.



"That's all. I should like to see observers and pilots only, the rest of you dismiss."

It was zero hour when the first section of three went off, closely followed by two other sections. They circled the drome, dived in salute and winged eastward. All was quiet again in the hangars and in the dispersal fields only the songs of birds to break the silence of dawn.

The formation of twenty-four "Wimpies" bore steadily over the North Sea in the direction of Sylt. The fighter escort hadn't met them; they were on their own. That meant some hot work for the gunners.

There was a feeling of tension in the air as the messengers of destruction swept into the Roads. Not a nervous tension or fear, but that same feeling one gets when playing the first over of a cricket game.

It broke suddenly as the warning voice of the fire control officer came over the R/T, "Fighter attack, fighter attack."

Dustbin turrets appeared in the bellies of aircraft and 72 gunners were on their toes.

Messerschmidts appeared from nowhere, 109's and 110's in their twenties. The bombers closed in as the first wave dived to the attack. Tracers spurt backwards and forwards as guns rattled and snarled in a crescendo of leaden death.

Yellow nosed fighters wheeled out of the fight, smoke and flame pouring from crippled engines. A bomber broke formation, dipped crazily and, like a broken bird, careened nose first into the sea.

In the Roads no fleet to be seen, and the compact body of Wimpy's turned towards the mainland. Ack-ack guns opened, adding puffs of cotton wool to a clear sky. The grim reaper was everywhere, riding like a grinning automaton on the backs of friend and foe alike.

Numbers gradually decreased, became smaller and smaller. No child's play this; aircraft disintegrated and fell apart in the air, pieces spinning crazily into space.

Over the harbour of Wilhelmshaven, bomb doors open, running onto target. Steady. Bombs gone, one after the other to condense themselves into clouds of smoke and blood and debris. Turn off the target, head out to sea. Try to keep formation. It was crazy, this game of war. Young boys dead before their time. A glorious death, but a heartbreak to the mothers, fathers and wives who stayed at home . . . . .

The fighters gradually disappear back towards land. Orders are given to make individual returns to bases. Can you make it? An aircraft falls out of formation, smoke billowing from the engine.



It lands near a Dutch fishing vessel, the dinghy appears and the crew climb into it. The war is over for them.

The first of the returning aircraft roars across the drome, then another, then silence. The ground crews stand by until dusk; still no sign.

The C.O. stands in the watch office and the phone bell rings. Good news. Two crews at a drome near Grimsby. One crew crashed at Sutton Bridge, wireless operator and front gunner injured.

The rest? Maybe down in the sea, maybe a charred wreck on land. They won't hear the stand-to again, won't be bothered by the cold mornings.

But when the Day of Judgment comes they will be there—proud, erect, smiling. They did their job.



## KEEP UP-TO-DATE WITH SWING

---

### NEW SHOW??

Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, plays a character role as well as leading his orchestra in new Hollywood show.

\* \* \*

Artie Shaw, wizard of the gob-stick, is busy rehearsing new orchestra—30 pieces to start, rising to 52 in winter. New Victor record, "It Had to Be You," very good.

\* \* \*

For Boogie-Woogie suckers—Pete Johnson and Al Ammons on Victor new album.

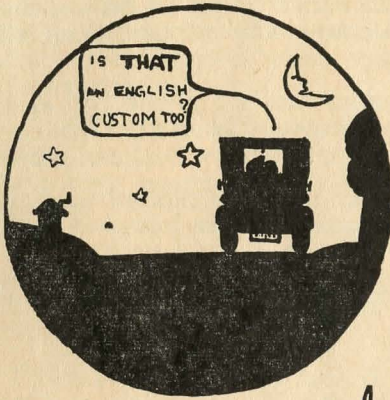
\* \* \*

Best song of the month—Duke Ellington's "I Got It Good and That Ain't Bad.

\* \* \*

It appears that Canadian "hep-cats" have not heard of Nat Gonella. Pretty grim!

—SWINGAROO.

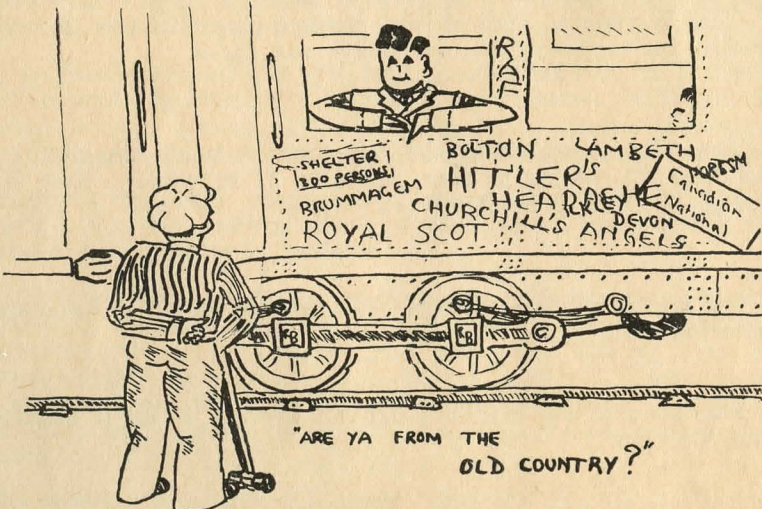


THEY'RE  
ASKING  
US!

by  
"JEEP"



HOW ON EARTH DO YOU KEEP IT ON?



"ARE YA FROM THE  
OLD COUNTRY?"



## ON PARADE

---

[On the occasion of the opening of the Provincial Exhibition at Victoria on Saturday, 7th September, 1941, one hundred men from this station were chosen to represent the R.A.F. in a military parade through Victoria to the Exhibition Grounds.]

I, for no apparent reason, was one of the men chosen to take part in this parade through Victoria. On the day we were sorted out, any pride we might have felt was quickly squashed by our W.O., who informed us that we had been chosen not for our handsomeness and physique but because our uniforms looked a little less sack-like than those of our comrades. (On seeing us at a rehearsal the following day he murmured under his breath that he couldn't imagine what the remainder must look like.)

We were quickly christened "Glamour Boys" by the Cinderellas who were to stay behind and our coming march was referred to as the "Mannequin Parade." (Obviously they were jealous!).

However, after a few rehearsals and inspections, which were very reminiscent of our early recruit days, we were considered fit to exhibit ourselves. The great day arrived and we were hurtled down to Victoria in lorries, driven by our M.T. drivers, who seemed to be inspired by one of Ben Hur's famous chariot races.

Our first "Attention" as we took our places in the parade was wizard and came as a great shock to the W.O., ourselves, and incidentally the immediate neighbourhood—even those unique lamp standards trembled. (By the way, I feel sure that they were designed by a pawnbroker.)

Eventually we moved off, led by the Navy, although we never saw them, the parade was such a length, the Army followed and the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. brought up the rear. Brass bands were dotted along the column in an effort to introduce swing into the arm movements.

What seemed to be the first ten miles of the route were not too bad. The streets were lined with people, we couldn't look at them and we'd been told not to wave to our girl friends, so they had to be content with an occasional wink. The bursts of applause which greeted us reminded us of those awkward moments at Winnipeg. One man completely forgot himself and cheered wildly.

As we neared a park the gen went round that this at last was our destination—it shook us to find that we were being marched straight past. We headed for the open country, up hill and down dale. I thought of the Pied Piper and the youngsters who were lured away



by his fascinating music; admittedly the music of the brass bands could not by any stretch of imagination be called fascinating, but I did wonder what unknown fate awaited us at the end of this great trek. On and on we went. The city of Victoria had long been left behind and now we occasionally passed a few people who looked at us in blank amazement as if to say, "Where on earth did you come from?" On and on, the rocky road was now piercing my ever-thinning soles till, at last—could it be? Yes, there, only a few miles ahead flags could be seen fluttering from huge wooden buildings—the Exhibition! We braced ourselves to face the crowds again and managed to give a very pukka "eyes right" at the saluting base and then somebody booped—tripped over the feet of two very attractive Canadian girls and knocked an ice cream stick down the throat of a small boy before the "eyes front" was given. However, that was a detail. The great thing was, the march was coming to an end. I vaguely remember finishing up in the middle of a field. I came to after a good swig of that Canadian stimulant—Coca-Cola—but, gee, what I would have given for a bitter!

—FOOTSORE.



## A TOPICAL TEASER

### DOWN

1. They're a speedy lot on this camp.
2. Elsie Carlisle used to sing this a thousand times.
3. This, too, is on Vancouver Island.
4. Me and an artist caused a lot of trouble in England a few years ago.
5. Fit food.
6. Grim and this was how A.P.H. described England.
10. A this is known my many R.A.F. personnel.
12. An animal kept for fattening.
16. The same as 14 across.

|    |    |   |    |    |    |   |   |
|----|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| 1  |    | 2 | 3  | 4  |    | 5 | 6 |
|    |    | 7 |    |    |    | 8 |   |
| 9  | 10 |   | 11 |    | 12 |   |   |
| 13 |    |   |    |    | 14 |   |   |
| 15 |    |   |    | 16 |    |   |   |
| 17 |    |   | 18 |    |    |   |   |
| 19 |    |   |    |    | 20 |   |   |

### ACROSS

1. We have pleasant memories of this.
2. You row with this.
8. These shortened guns cause "flak."
9. Means of communication for fighters (abbr.).
11. No, with a short road between it's not very nice.
13. Wise is the airman who knows all these (abbr.).
14. A child says "thanks."
15. A male and I to a certain degree.
17. A short editor.
18. Rich soil.
19. Compass point.
10. The fish turned backwards away from the wind.

ANSWER NEXT MONTH



## SPORT

A sports field is now in preparation and will shortly be available for soccer, rugger, cricket, etc.



### CRICKET

- 10.9.41.—The Station v. Victoria Wednesday C.C.  
R.A.F., 158 (Cpl. Thorner, 74); V.WC..C., 42.
- 17.9.41.—The Station v. Spencers.  
R.A.F., 91 for 4 (Cpl. Thorner, 46; L.A.C. Green, 30).  
Spencers, 90.
- 24.9.41.—The Station v. "5 C's."  
R.A.F., 161 for 5 (L.A.C. Green, 104 not out; Sgt. Wildmore, 38). "5 C's," 49.



### FOOTBALL

Up to the time of going to press soccer is the only sport that has so far been able to raise its head above the morass of mud known to the B.C.A.T.P. as No. 32 Operational Training Unit. This early appearance of our national sport was mainly due to the nearness of a small pitch, use of which was very generously offered us by the local school authorities, and the burning fact that soccer **is** our national sport.

The first game was played within a week of the arrival of the boys from the "Old Country" and, although no kit whatsoever was available and the football atmosphere consequently lacking, the sergeants justified their challenge to the "other ranks" by ending the game with scores level at 7 goals each. Since that time we have witnessed the arrival of "Algebra/Trial" and consequently more talent. The Torpedo section has unsuccessfully challenged the Dining Hall staff and a very interesting game, played in semi-tropical kit under almost typical English weather conditions, resulted in yet another draw.

Our chief aim is to show the inhabitants of Vancouver Island, and the West Coast, if flying programmes permit, how soccer should be played and, with this end in view, a series of trial matches has been arranged and is now almost completed. In spite of the lack

of suitable equipment, the displays given in these trials have proved very heartening and so an offer to enter a team in the Victoria & District Saturday Football League has been accepted. A representative attended a meeting of the league and the R.A.F. was voted in and accepted with "open arms" by the managers of the other league teams, the majority of whom owned a very familiar accent, which helped to explain their enthusiastic welcome. The assurances of these "ex haggis-bashers," however, did not finally convince some members of the meeting as to the abilities of the "boys from the Old Country" and so, to impress our own self-confidence, a challenge was issued to the league winners of the previous season. This match has been arranged to take place on Sunday, September 28th, and will probably be played in Victoria.

Information received from an ex-Motherwell player, now serving in the R.C.A.F. at Western Air Command, reveals that football in the Victoria & District Saturday Football League is on a par with Scottish junior football and so we may look forward to many good games of football and, perhaps, many good cups and medals.

### BOXING

A number of men are taking a keen interest in this sport, which is being organized by Flt.-Sgt. Butterworth. There is a shortage of equipment at present but it is hoped that this will be remedied in the near future.

### GOLF

Enthusiasts are invited to use the Ardmore Golf Club's 9-hole course. The special fee for members of the services is 50c during the day or 25c after 5:30 p.m.

### TENNIS

Rackets can be borrowed at the R.C.A.F. camp and hard courts along Sidney Road can be used free of charge.

### "V"

Victory will be our proudest gain,  
Invasion we've treated with disdain;  
Conflicts may be long, yet we'll defend.  
Triumph is bound to be ours in the end,  
Occupied countries we will set free,  
Return to their land each refugee.  
In the March of Time they'll be relieved,  
Adolf attempted, Winston achieved.—G.P.



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Old Country atmosphere

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---

**NOTICE TO EX-SCOUTS**

The Scout Commissioner of Victoria and District, Mr. F. King, is anxious to meet any ex-Scouts or airmen connected with the Scout movement. His intention is to arrange socials and week-end trips, with a view to exchanging ideas and at the same time to further the ideals of the movement. For further "gen" see L.A.C. Sumner, Room 2, Block 9, or phone Mr. F. King, Sidney 123.

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**LIBRARY**

As we go to press we have heard that a library will be formed on the station shortly. A.C. H. F. Chaffey has been appointed librarian. It is hoped that a varied selection of books will be available and there should be sufficient to suit all tastes. Any suggestions and contributions to the library will be welcome.

---

Overheard on the camp—"Bill, have you ever wondered what you would do on the Group-Captain's pay?"

"No, but I've often wondered what he would do on ours."

---

What did one eye say to the other?

"Say, Buddy, there's something between us that smells."

---

Bride to stranger at door—"Well?"

Stranger—"I'm a bill collector."

Bride—"How nice. Come in and I'll give you all you can carry."

---

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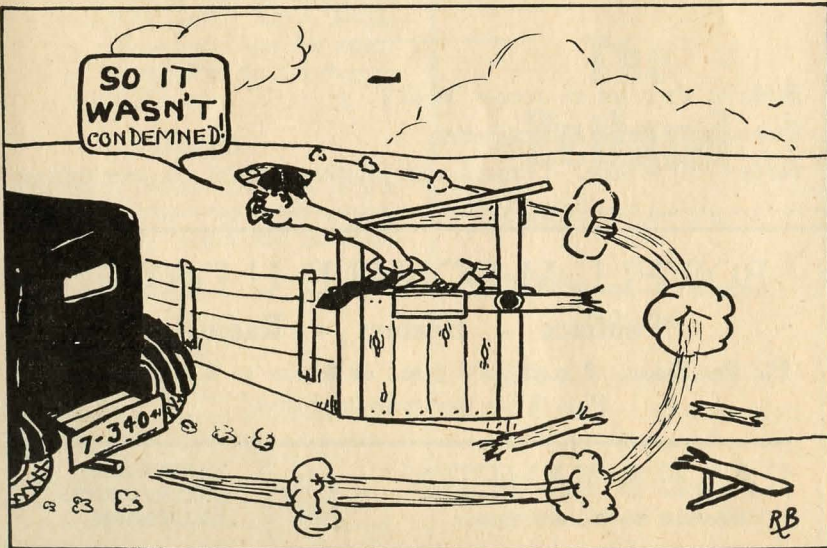
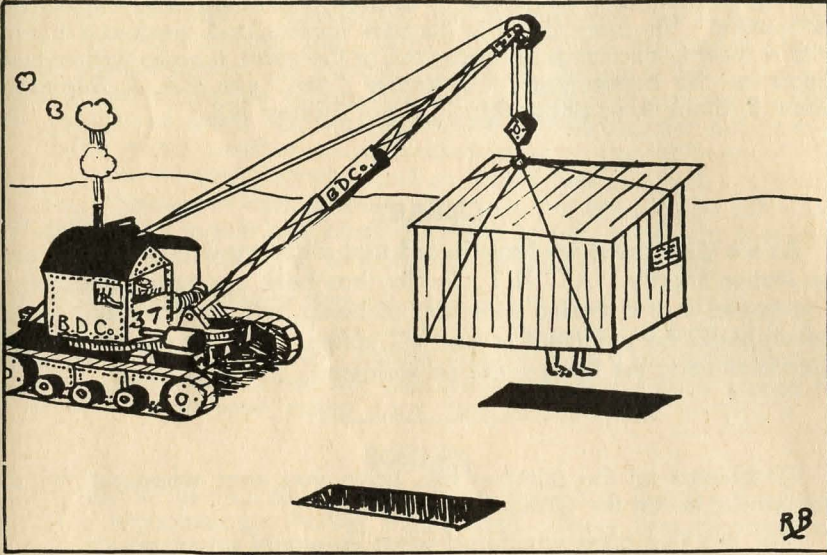
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Agricultural Hall  
Saanichton

Friday, October 10th, 1941



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in Aid of War Services

9:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

**R.C.A.F. Orchestra**

Admission (including refreshments) 50c each

(Under the auspices of the  
I.O.D.E.)

Agricultural Hall  
Saanichton

Friday, October 31st, 1941



## Hallowe'en Dance

(Under the auspices of the  
Women's Auxiliary to the  
Air Services)

9 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

**R.C.A.F. Orchestra**

In Aid of Hospital Equipment for  
the Patricia Bay Air Stations

Admission (including refreshments) 50c each

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### THE THINGS THEY SAY

"Sometimes we get a little rain here."

"I've been here about thirty years."

"Victoria is the most English city in Canada."

"There'll always be an England."

---

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"A.C.H. u/t"—No, sonny, Longfellow did not write tall stories. They all came from the States.

"Anxious"—Certainly not! Read "Health and Strength."

"Wondering"—No, the C.O.'s approval is required only for the marriage ceremony. The rest is your own affair.

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of*

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the sons of former  
brothers in arms of a later day.

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"TOM, DICK AND HARRY," starring Ginger Rogers.

"LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY," with Mickey Rooney.

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SUNNY - - - - - I'LL WAIT FOR YOU

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